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The  
Cavalier

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# THE CAVALIER.

A Drama,

IN THREE ACTS.

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BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

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LONDON:

G. VICKERS.

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1847.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE LORD MORETON  
BEAUCAMP, HIS FRIEND  
MAYNARD, A MERCHANT  
HARGRAVE, HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW  
DRAWER  
MRS. MAYNARD  
MRS. HARGRAVE  
MADAME DE GRAVE







# THE CAVALIER.

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## ACT. I.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in Maynard's House.*

*Enter* MAYNARD, MRS MAYNARD, & HARGRAVE.

*May.* Leave us! do you hear the man? Mary, speak to him:

These high-flown fancies are beyond the reach  
Of a plain merchant, like myself: speak to him.

*Mrs. M.* Dear brother, be persuaded. Let not  
pride,

The weakness of great natures, and of mean ones  
The poor disguise, find entrance in your bosom,  
Displacing worthier inmates. Still be just  
To us who love you, and your own noble heart:  
We know what you would say; leave it unsaid,—  
And what you really think us, shew indeed,  
By liberal acquiescence.

*Har.* My dear sister,—  
And Maynard, trusty and most trusted friend,  
Lend me a moment's patience. Full two years  
Have we been shelter'd by your roof, partaken  
Your hospitable board, shar'd your free purse,  
And for all benefits, of word, or deed,  
Or of those nameless courtesies that make  
The vital air of friendship, have been still  
Your grateful debtors: well, but hear me, Maynard,  
I have beseech'd, nay, have besieg'd the Council,

That they would lend an ear to my just claims ;  
 I would recover my estate,—'tis mine  
 As truly as the King's crown his,—by blood ;  
 Blood which was shed, and freely, in his cause.  
 My claims are not allow'd ; well, what remains ?  
 I cannot stay with you : too long already  
 Have I been wrapp'd in a deceitful hope,  
 Which is now worn to a shred : my sword alone  
 Must help me now, and it points out a road  
 To honourable service.

*May.* When we see  
 The road you speak of, will I stay you ? No.  
 Like a tir'd host I'll show you to the door,  
 Aye, hold the stirrup for you, and with smiles  
 Bid you good speed. Look you, proud Captain  
 Hargrave ;—

Seated once more in your estate, which yet  
 I must believe you will be, and once more  
 First of the shire, with your broad lands before you,  
 O'er which the crow flies wearily to roost,  
 On your old tree-tops, you may hug your pride  
 As closely as you will, but here you shall not.

*Har.* Maynard, it is not pride.—

*May.* I'll warrant now,  
 Should fortune suddenly with one hand raise you,  
 And with the other thrust me to the earth,—  
 And should your sister here, and I, come to you,  
 With piteous tale of bankruptcy and ruin,  
 You would receive us with cool scorn—nay, bid us  
 Trace back the path we came.

*Har.* You do not think so :  
 You know me better, Maynard.

*Mrs. M.* He but jests—  
 Forgive him, brother.

*May.* What, then, you would house us ?





You'd entertain us for a month, a year,  
Would you?—a longer time, perhaps?

*Har.* For ever,—

Or were I not the vilest slave alive.

What! could I see my sister and yourself  
In want, and I in want of heart to serve you,—  
To bid you welcome to my house and lands,  
And ask you share them? Sir, you wrong me.

*May.* Well, then :

What pride is this that takes not, but must give :  
And, asking sufferance for the thing it is,  
Denies it to another. Come, no more—  
I shall be angry else.

*Har.* But one word—

*May.* No.

*Mrs. M.* I was about to quench this friendly  
heat,

But here comes one, shall, like a gentle air,  
Extinguish it at once.

*Enter MRS. HARGRAVE,*

*May.* Ha! Madam, welcome.

You're come in time : your husband here and I,  
Cannot yet understand each others' hearts,  
And were about to call our tongues to witness  
That we were fools alike.

*Mrs. H.* But let me hope,  
No serious disagreement has occur'd ;  
Some trifle, surely,—what is it?

*May.* Why, nothing.

And since we cannot make it less, I'll even  
Sec to my books and balc : come with me, wife.  
Hargrave, no more of that—

*Har.* Well be it so.

[*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Maynard,*

*Mrs. H.* But what has chanc'd 'twixt you **and** Maynard, Henry?

*Har.* An amicable contest,—nothing more.  
The worthy fellow and my sister urge  
Our longer stay with them, and will, perforce,  
Insist upon it,—yet I like it not.

*Mrs. H.* Wherefore? they love you, and respect  
us both;  
Feel not what you feel, know not you should feel  
it,  
Nor need your thanks, their hearts have thank'd  
them for us.

*Har.* Why, it is true,—and yet I like it not.  
Oh, Margaret, I am weary of this state  
Of voluntary bondage, drudging still  
To do the work of patience, which exacts  
Yet never satisfies :—the clouds around us  
Thicken, and threaten tempest.

*Mrs. H.* Yet be sure,  
A light will soon break through to cheer you on.

*Har.* Aye so it does sometimes,—but does not  
cheer me.

'Tis like the beam shot from a clouded moon,  
Borrow'd,—and spent on darkness. There's not a  
beggar,  
Whose only hope are sunshine and a crust,  
But has a stronger purchase on his fate  
Than I have, Margaret.

*Mrs. H.* You must not say so.  
Think of the children—

*Har.* And yourself—I do so :  
And that it is which presses on my heart :  
But, pardon me, this is the idleness  
That comes of hope deferr'd.







*Enter* MAYNARD,

*May.* I am here again,  
You see ; my zeal outruns my manners often,  
I have brought a letter for you, left but now  
By a tall stripling page—a budding courtier  
Putting forth smiles and bows. The seal is noble,  
And has a look of promise with it. Take it—  
My life on't, it will banish megrim, Hargrave.

*Har. (Takes the letter.)* I will retire and read it.

*May.* By your favour,  
I claim friends' privilege, and mean to be  
As curious in the business that concerns  
Yourself, as though 'twere mine : so, let me hear it.  
What say you, madam ? [*To Mrs. Margrave.*]

*Mrs. H.* Certainly.

*Har.* You shall. [*Hargrave reads.*]  
“To the right valiant Captain Hargrave.” Um !  
'Tis a fair superscription,—fortune grant  
So honour'd a commencement be not marr'd  
Ere we arrive at its conclusion.

[*Opens letter and reads.*]

“SIR,—I have heard of your claims, which I am advised are valid, and of your noble bearing in the late war, which, were they otherwise, should make them so. I have interest in a certain quarter (not to be here named) which shall, I think, stand you in sufficient stead. Will you pleasure me by an interview at the Dolphin, over against Paul's—where we shall talk of this matter. I await you there ; and meanwhile, must make bold to call myself your friend.  
MORETON,”

*May.* Why, this is well : who said that hope had died

And left no heir? I knew your time would come.  
Though, to say truth, it has been slow of foot,

*Har.* have heard of the Lord Moreton.

*May.* Who has not?

He is the Earl of Belmont's only son;  
One of the larger planets of the court,  
Receiving light from Charles, which he in turn  
Dispenses unto others; now, dispatch,—  
Go to him, and partake his beams.

*Har.* If justice  
Must be awak'd by the soft tones that flow  
Out of a courtier's mouth, and will not listen  
To my plain speech, well,—be it so,—enough  
That truth is spoken,—and besides, my hopes  
Have ground to tread on now—for it was at Naseby  
I sav'd the life of the Lord Moreton's father.

*May.* For which the son shall owe you thanks,  
and pay  
In more substantial coin. Come, get ye gone,—  
We long for your return.

*Mrs. H.* I always said,  
Fortune would make amends.

*Har.* And so you did.  
And for your sake, dear wife, your prophecy  
Must be made good; but I am gone. Farewell.

[*Exit* Hargrave,

*May.* My wife must hear of this, during his  
absence  
We'll steal a march on time, and know beforehand  
How he intends to raise us.

*Mrs. H.* And I hope  
Conjecture will be speedy certainty.

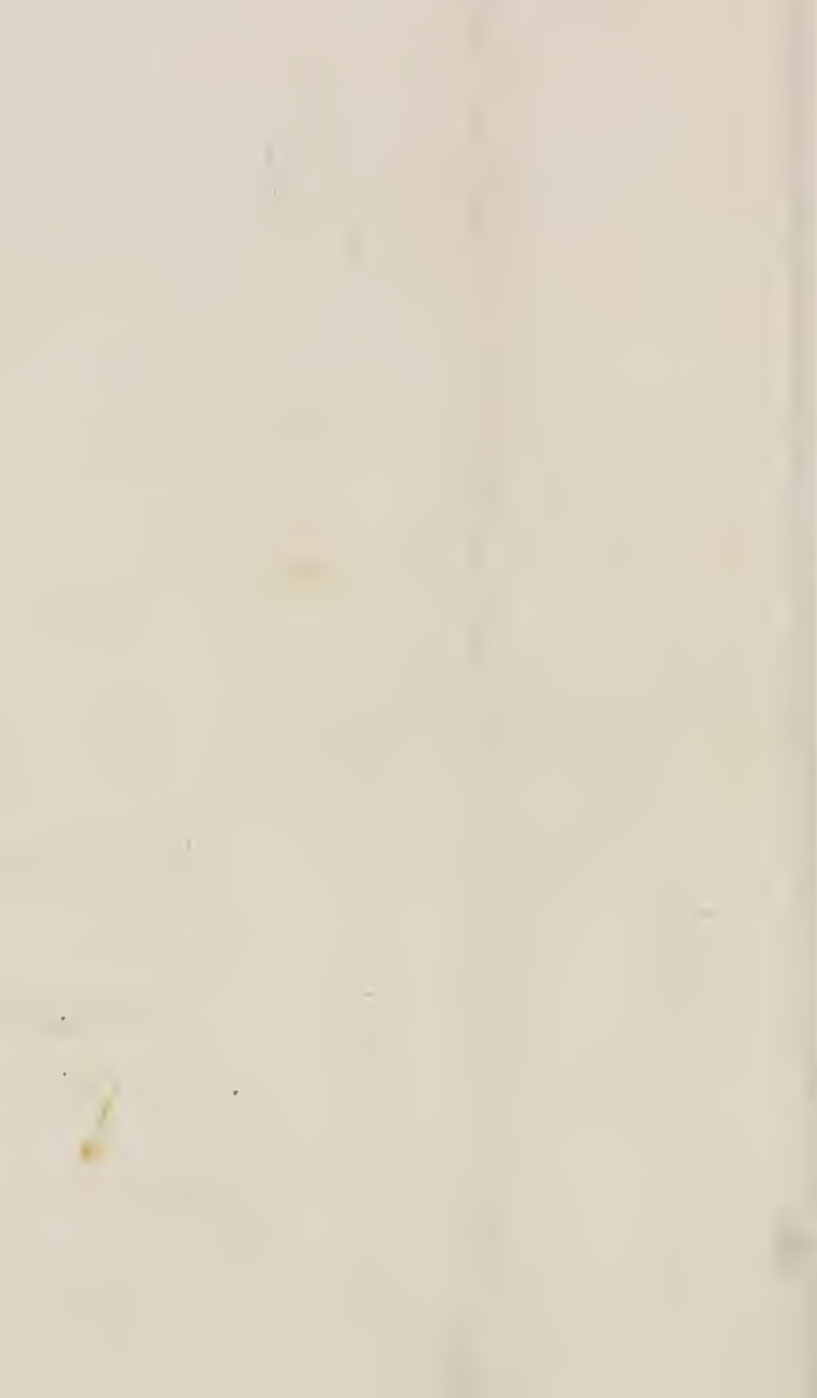
*May.* You shall not doubt it.

[*Exeunt*









SCENE II.—*A Room in the Dolphin Tavern.*

*Enter LORD MORETON and BEAUCHAMP,  
Servants arrange Chairs.*

*More.* Wine, here—some of your oldest. Should a gentleman Desire to see me, let him be admitted.

*[Exit Drawer.]*

*(To Beauchamp.)* I do not altogether like your plan.

*Beau.* Why not ?

*More.* 'Tis easy, when we have stolen the prize, To render compensation,—gone, 'tis valueless.

*Beau.* Who steals when he may purchase ? you mistake :

The value of a thing, when it is gone,  
If not indeed enhanc'd, suggests a price  
More than its worth : steal but a worthless pebble,  
The owner swears it was a diamond.  
Cannot we test the man ? if he be flaw'd,  
You gain your point at once.

*More.* If not ?

*Beau.* You stand  
In a position better than before.  
He cannot say but you have fairly warn'd him  
But do not, deem him so inflexible ;  
I never yet knew man, but poverty  
Could bend him. Once I kept a pride myself,—  
But it was too expensive, so we parted.

*More.* Beauchamp, I think you do not know the man.

This Hargrave is a soldier, and a brave one,  
Who serv'd, while yet a boy, at Nottingham  
With Rupert—fought, a very devil, at Edgehill,

And left two horses dead on Chaldgrave field.  
 Espousing the King's cause, it seems, unfledg'd,  
 This bird forsook his patrimonial nest,  
 Which some full-feathered Roundhead still enjoys.  
 He, meanwhile, come to London, plies the Council,  
 Nay, even the King himself, for restitution,  
 Or failing that, for some equivalent  
 In shape of office, money, or commission,  
 Which, between us, he scarce will get ; for Charles—  
 Whom Heaven preserve—preserves such claims for  
 Heaven ;

And so with heart-sick hope the man still pines.

*Beau.* My lord, there seems no difficulty here.  
 He is a soldier—is he poor ?—

*More.* He is,—

*Beau.* As pride can make him, doubtless ; which  
 ne'er plunges  
 A man into a slough, but she still leaves him  
 For meanness to draw forth. Make yourself easy ;  
 Hargrave may bluster for a while, but, trust me,  
 His noisy sense of wrong will soon subside,  
 Lull'd by your golden music.

*More.* He shall have it,—  
 And freely too.

*Beau.* Well, you are generous :  
 It saves sometimes a world of after-trouble.

*Enter Drawer, with Wine &c.*

*Draw.* My lord, one Master Hargrave—

*More.* Let him come up. [*Exit Drawer.*]  
 He's here. (*To Beau.*)

*Beau.* Leave him to me—I'll east the plummet,  
 And sound the depths and shallows of his soul,  
 Though it were turbid as an autumn flood.

*More.* Softly :—he comes.







*Enter* HARGRAVE,

*Har.* Lord Moreton?—

*More.* I am he.

My friend, and yours. (*Introduces Beauchamp.*)  
 Let us be seated :—Come, sir. (*They sit.*)  
 You'll pardon my presumption, Captain Hargrave,  
 But I have long been anxious for the honour  
 Of knowing you—your name I have long known.  
 Let me be plain :—the little interest  
 That I can fairly boast, when it is join'd  
 To the commanding influence of others,—  
 As 'tis now join'd—supported by your claims,  
 Which justice cannot wink at, must avail you ;—  
 Nap, shall—I think so—let us not be sanguine,  
 And, so miscount our strength.

(*Turning to Beauchamp.*) 'Sdeath ! is it not  
 A hard case, that a noble gentleman,  
 One who has serv'd his king, should be forgotten,  
 Whilst others, aliens to fame and honour,  
 Are but too well remember'd ?

*Beau.* So it is.

*More.* But, doubt not, I shall raise you,—if not  
 so high

As your deserts, yet to the eminence  
 You fell from— or from which you were displac'd.

*Har.* I am much bound to you.

*More.* Nay,—not at all.

Meanwhile, for restitution travels slowly,  
 Even at its fastest, pray command my purse—  
 Let me request you will accept—(*Offers Hargrave  
 a purse.*)

*Har.* My lord !

I seek not alms—

*More* Pshaw !—neither do I think so,

Or tender it as such—but, from a friend—

*Har.* I should be loth to baulk your generous nature. c

By any show of an unseemly humour,  
As though I should disdain or slight an act  
Prompted by friendship, but—

*More.* You are too proud.

No ? then accept this loan—for 'tis a loan,—  
Which some not distant day you shall return.

*Har.* Well, my lord, I thank you.

*More.* Put it up : that's well.

No more of it. (*Moreton and Beauchamp exchange glances.*)

For a few minutes' space,  
I fear that I must leave you. I am bound  
To meet a certain Duke, whom to engage  
In your affairs, (and he is apt, I know)  
Is now my present aim. Beauchamp, to you  
I leave our friend : you'll entertain him, will you ?  
I shall be hither straight!

*Beau.* We shall expect you.

(*Exit Moreton,*  
Come, Captain, let us sit : this wine must not  
Grow older ere we taste it. (*He pours out wine.*)

What say you, sir ?

His Lordship is a very noble fellow,  
One who will wear a coronet as proudly  
As his old father, and not dim its brightness.  
Let us, then, pledge his health.

*Har.* With all my heart. (*They drink.*)

*Beau.* But yet this stripling has his faults of nature,

Which to us older men suggest a smile,  
Remembering when we ourselves were younger.  
He's of the court, where licence is the rule,





And pleasure, Fortune's Ganymede, attends  
With an o'erbrimming goblet.

*Har.* Let him quaff it.

Better these idle vanities of sense  
To know, than to avoid ; their emptiness  
Once seen, the real blessings that invite us  
Are worthier priz'd.

*Beau.* True : but this young gallant,  
Shot through by a bright eye, is quite destroy'd  
Why sir, the memory of a smile will last him  
For months to swear by :—he is too weak in this.

*Har.* It is almost the privilege of youth  
To be so : 'tis a giddy flame, whose fire  
Will one day burn more clear, and warm, and stead-  
fast.

*Beau.* You are married, Captain Hargrave.

*Har.* I have a wife, sir.

*Beau.* She's fair :—oh, what a term is that for  
beauty—

A very angel, Captain !

*Har.* Shewill pass ;

And might, indeed, be deem'd a very angel,  
Were all to judge as you,—from mere surmise.

*Beau.* But I have seen her.

*Har.* Ha !

*Beau.* And he has seen her—

My lord—

*Har.* indeed !

*Beau.* Why, how you look ! what marvel ?  
She's beautiful, and we had eyes to see it :  
There is nought strange in that. But, come, more  
wine.

This is much nearer to my heart than beauty. (*They  
drink.*)

Be not offended, sir, when I e'en tell you,

That we have spoken with her.

*Har.* Sir ! you're merry.

I hope so.

*Beau.* No.

*Har.* You jest.

*Beau.* No, by my life—

As serious as a straight-haired-Puritan

But, what ! you looked disturb'd.

*Har.* No,—not at all.

Yet it is strange.

*Beau.* Well, to accost a lady

In the open street is rude, I grant ;—not strange,

In these times—and we knew not 'twas your wife.

*Har.* But now that you do know it—

*Beau.* There's the plague !

Moreton, poor wretch ! must sigh, and sigh in  
vain.

*Har.* I do not understand—what do you mean ?

*Beau.* Shall I be frank with you ?

*Har.* I shall like it best,

'Tis as I speak sometimes—a soldier's trick.

*Beau.* Well, then : I have conceiv'd a friendship  
for you,

Born of your praise, which, to say truth, his  
lordship

Makes his still constant theme: and if strong zeal

Had ready tools to work with, and could act

On pliable materials, he'd serve you.

But he, I think, miscalculates his power !

Rather misrates the patient tedious skill,

Whereby right must be wrested from the strong,

Who, having, keep,—though it belong to others.

Well he is young, capricious—you or I,

Might seek and press him strong in your behalf,

Just on the heel of some rebuff ;—he'd chafe—







Conceive disgust—perhaps throw up the office  
He undertook in friendship :—see you not ?  
Now, if your wife—

*Har.* Aye—

*Beau.* You were about to speak ?

*Har.* I said but ‘aye’—proceed.

*Beau.* Well, if your wife

Would undertake to move in this affair—

(Persuasion is a woman’s element),

Would sue him every hour ?—should he relax,

Urge him more warmly—in a word, o’ercome  
him ;

Beauty has done this oft, and Mistress Hargrave

Will meet an easy conquest in my lord,

Who is already vanquish’d by her eyes.

[*During this speech Hargrave has risen, and paces the Stage.*

[*Aside.*] He has taken the bait ! Captain, are  
you not well ?

*Har.* A sudden giddiness—the wine has flush’d  
me—

I shall be better soon—

[*Hargrave seats himself, and after a pause speaks.*  
You think so ?

*Beau.* What ?

*Har.* That were my wife to mediate—to go  
Between us, as you say, ’twere better than—

*Beau.* Than you or I or any other *man*.  
I have heard him hint, indeed, that did you please,  
You need not fear advancement.

*Har.* How ?

*Beau.* Guess.

*Har.* I cannot.

*Beau.* Your wife—

*Har.* Ha, ha ! I see ; you know the world—



*More.* He is.

*Har.* Dishonourable boy!

How I blush for you, that you do not blush.

Have you no shame—no thought—feeling or fear—

That you thus dare to put this outrage on me?

When next you'd have a serpent do your baseness,

Chose not a worm—a trailing worm like this.

[*Thrusts Beauchamp from him.*]

*More.* You're insolent! I wear a sword—

*Har.* I use one—

And sometimes quickly. Do not tempt me. Hence!

*Beau.* (*To More.*) Let us be gone. You must  
not quarrel with him;

It may be dangerous. By Heaven! I thought

The man was our's

*More.* Unhand me, Beauchamp! now

Will I chastise this mouthing blusterer,

Whose threats are his chief danger.

*Har.* Hear me, sir—

I have been, if I am not now, a soldier,

And have withstood the iron men of Fairfax;

Rush'd mid the thick of death, where I have  
heard

Red carnage howl for blood, which all the while

Was peopleing heaven with souls—and would *you*  
stop me?

What reed next for a weapon? I have spoken—  
Begone!

*Beau.* (*To Moreton.*) He is not worthy of  
your sword:

Leave him; we shall yet find the means to cross  
him.

*More.* Nay, I will not—

*Har.* Touch but your sword-hilt, Lord,

Advance one step—but one—and the next moment  
 Shall see your father childless. Be advis'd—  
 Take council of *your friend*—once it may serve  
 you.

*Beau.* Come, you must hence.

*More.* You're right. I was too hasty.

[*To Hargrave,*] You shall hear of me, sir,  
 again

*Mar.* Well, well :

When I hear of your courage, time enough—  
 You may be older then.

[*Beauchamp forces Moreton out.*]

I was a fool to vent myself upon

A trivial boy like this. Oh, Poverty!

The roof of thatch—the lowly threshold claims  
 thee;

The sons of labour know thee ; and content

Sit in thy shade ; but when thou comest abroad

To visit pride, and at his table sit'st,

With insult to wait on thee, and directest

His service to thine host, then art thou—Stop

Did he not say that he had seen her ? Ha !

And spoken to her ? where ? when ? how ? but,  
 no—

That cannot be : my Margaret, they belie thee—

Whose heart is as a glass, in which I see

Myself reflected always : (*He muses.*)

What if fortune,

(Such things have been) should grind her spirit  
 down

To the level of dishonour ? Out upon it !

I will not yet believe that lie—yet ?—never :

*Exit.*







SCENE III.—*An Ante-chamber in Maynard's house.*

*Enter Mr. Hargrave.*

*Mrs. H.* 'Tis late, and he returns not. Well,  
the hour,  
So it bring hope with it, shall yet be early.  
The children are asleep, or I would read  
Their eyes, as stars, whose soft auspicious beams,  
Should be to me as potent as the lore,  
Writ, as some say, on the eternal roof  
Of heaven. Their prattle would beguile me now,  
When time moves not a pinion, but I hear it  
Drowsily flagging, Hark! no—it has pass'd  
The door: 'twas not his step. I will go in,  
And study patience. [*She goes in.*]

*Enter Mr. Hargrave.*

*Har.* She is not here: wearied, perchance, of  
watching.

*Re-enter Mr. Hargrave.*

*Mrs. H.* Oh! you are come—'tis strange I did  
not hear you.

*Har.* 'Tis very late, is't not? and I stept  
softly.

Where are the Maynards?

*Mrs. H.* They have retir'd to rest.

*Har.* That's well.

*Mrs. H.* They waited for you until midnight,  
Anxious to hear how you had sped.

*Har.* To-morrow  
Will do for that.

*Mrs. H.* But may I not forestal  
Their pleasure?

*Har.* 'Twill keep,  
Nor need a second telling

*Mrs. H.* You are unkind,  
Or so unus'd to fortune, you would fain  
Dally awhile with it before you give  
Its golden plumage to the general air,  
For the sun's beam to light on.

*Har.* Margaret,  
To bear, and to do nought beside but bear,  
Is thankless toil : to row against the tide,  
Whose strength mocks human strength—this is  
fool's labour :

Ease takes the stream, reclines, and is rewarded.  
That lesson's not too late.

*Mrs H.* Now, it is idle—  
This prelude to a tale which I must hear,  
And which shall speak of good. it is not well  
To trifle thus with one who loves you better  
Than fortune can—and who but cares for fortune  
So it may make you happy.

*Har.* Dearest wife,—  
I think that if it lay within your power  
To serve me you would do so—would you not ?

*Mrs H.* You know I would.

*Har.* Well, I believe you, girl.  
And what if fate—so strange the instruments  
She calls in aid to raise us—should make choice  
Of you to do that office, you would do it ?

*Mrs H.* You never yet had cause to doubt me,  
Henry,  
And shall not now : but how am I to serve you ?  
Trust me, I thought it hard, when I had been  
So oft your special agent to the Council  
To learn its pleasure, and had almost deem'd,  
As zeal is prone to do, that I alone  
Should be the happy bearer of your fortunes,  
To find another rob me of my pains.





I must forgive him, though.

*Har.* And there is nothing  
You would not cope with—so it might advance  
me!

*Mrs H.* Nothing,

*Har.* You would do any thing to please me?

*Mrs H.* Aye,—anything.

[*Hargrave turns aside and walks to the back of  
the stage.*

Why do you turn away?

*Har.* Margaret, have you not seen two gentlemen,

On these your special errands to the Council—  
A stripling one, and one of middle age,—  
They have spoken to you.

*Mrs H.* I do remember,  
Two persons did accost me—

*Har.* One was handsome,—

*Mrs H.* I did not note him, and indeed return'd  
Such brief reply as his unlicens'd speech  
Left me no choice but give: but what of these?

*Har.* Lord Moreton and his friend.

*Mrs H.* Indeed!

*Har.* Indeed.

And mark me, wife, out of such dross as this,  
Men make their riches now; this is the world:  
Not the weak fiction of a poet's dream,  
All that was ever fancied and ne'er felt,  
Ne'er seen but sung about: this is a world:  
Of trials, of endurance while they last,  
And when occasion serves—of compromise.  
We of ourselves are nothing—can gain nothing—  
Without two others, time and opportunity,  
Which often meet, and sought are often seen.  
Time is propitious—opportunity,

Waits but the word, and it is yours to speak it.

*Mrs H.* This is new doctrine from your lips.

*Har.* Learn'd lately,

But not too late.

*Mrs H.* What must I say ?

*Har.* Why, listen.

This lord has seen you—loves you—in one word—

Thus stands the case—I am poor, and you can raise me.

*Mrs H.* Can I believe?—why, Henry ! Henry Hargrave !

You cannot mean what yet I fear you mean,  
And dare not give a name to. (*She pauses.*)

Gracious heavens !

You cannot—nay, take your fix'd gaze from off me—

Lest you should see into my heart, and there  
Read how I hate you. What a change is this !

But a few hours ago I would have smil'd

The wretch to scorn, who should have breath'd this lie—

For then it were a lie ! But now, you come,

And with a set face, and a casual voice

Speak your own infamy. Even now perhaps,

Your children dream of you, and when they wake,

Go, tell them how their dreams have wrong'd their father.

Oh ! shame upon you, added to the shame

You have confess'd—and leave me—never more

Can I look on you.

*Har.* Hear me, Margaret—

*Mrs H.* (*Bursting into tears and falling on Hargrave's neck.*)

Oh, my dear husband do not break my heart—

For it will break—you are not this vile creature !







Upon my knees, let me implore you pause  
 Ere you sink down to baseness. We are poor,  
 Let us remain so ; any thing but this :  
 I cannot bear to think of it—how act  
 The thing we dare not ponder. Oh, my husband !  
 Honour shines bright in darkness, as the stars,  
 And it is crown'd with stars—but infamy,  
 Deck'd out in all the gauds that wealth can offer,  
 Is still set round with a conspicuous shame,  
 Blighting the brow it circles.

*Har.* Rise, dear wife :  
 And pardon me that, not to satisfy  
 Misgivings of mine own, but to acquit you,  
 From my stung soul, of others' doubts, which  
 henceforth  
 They shall not speak and live, I have thus tried  
 you.

*Mrs H.* Then it was cruel to have tried me  
 thus.  
 But I will say no more. What, insults, love,  
 Has this man dared to offer ?

*Har.* Dared?—true, true—  
 Why we are poor, my Margaret—that word  
 Draws obloquy towards it, as the magnet  
 Attracts the steel—the steel? that is well thought  
 on—  
 I have a sword yet—

*Mrs H.* Tell me what has happen'd ?

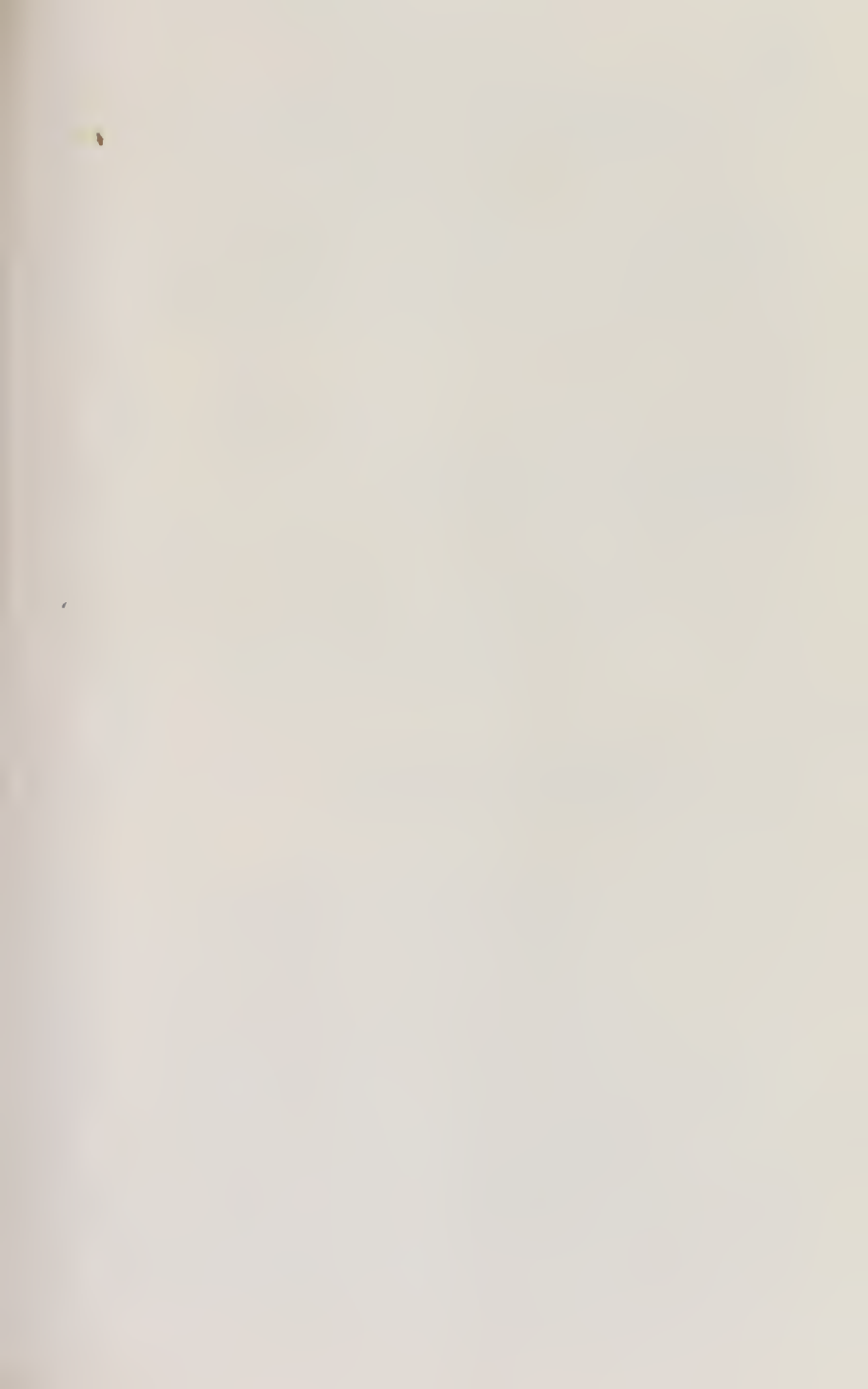
*Har.* Come in and you shall hear: yet I can  
 pardon  
 All that has chanc'd ; for never until now,  
 The blessings that remain to me were known,  
 Or priz'd as blessings. Come— [Exit.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in Maynard's House.**Enter Hargrave, followed by Maynard.**May.* Well, but be calm—*Har.* I cannot.*May.* And why not?*What cause? what do you fear—what do you doubt?**Har.* It is because I do not doubt, I fear,—  
Doubt has still ground to tread on, though uneven,  
But vague surmise, the plaything of the air,  
Is wafted to and fro, blind and in darkness.*May.* Your wife is not returned.—is that so strange?*She may have been detained,—she may have paid  
A visit to a friend.—**Har.* A friend,—what friends?*Poverty has no friends; forgive me, Maynard,  
It was ill spoken;—why, then, is she not  
Here, where her husband and her friends expect  
her?**May.* And so she will, no doubt,—and when she comes*I'll warrant your conjectures will have travell'd  
Further than she;—you're not yourself to day,—  
What is't you doubt or fear?**Har.* I'll tell you, sir.*You have heard the—shall I term it? contract,  
sought**To have been sign'd between this lord and me,  
And how I cancell'd it: when I return'd*









'Twas late, last night—not out of jealousy,  
 For that my nature seorns—but even as one  
 Owning a pearl, and hearing it decried,  
 Again assures himself 'tis orient,  
 Though conscious of its worth,—even so I tried her  
 Hinting that, did she please, she might become  
 The keystone of my fortune.

*May.* You did?

*Har.* I did.

*May.* What then?

*Har.* With flush'd face and with streaming eyes,  
 And voice whose tones spoke virtue, she rebuked  
 me;

I rais'd, and undeceiv'd her,—ask'd her pardon,  
 For having tempted her with idle words,  
 Whose breath was their sole life,

*May.* And this she granted?

*Har.* At once.—

*May.* 'Twas like her.

*Har.* Why, 'twas like her, Maynard.

And yet, perhaps—(*He pauses but presently continues.*)

Stung by the indignity  
 Offer'd by Moreton,—'tis a price that honour  
 Pays for the privilege of being poor—  
 I told my wife that I would go this evening,  
 And learn the last decision of the Council,  
 And on their fiat, this way or the other,—  
 Rest, or awake to action: 'twas not approv'd:—  
 On the pretext—I will not say pretext,—  
 Well, on the plea, that should I stir abroad,  
 I might by chance encounter my new Patron,  
 Whence danger might arise—she bade me send  
 her:—

Urg'd me to charge her with a letter from me,

Which she would bear to the Council,—now, what think you?

*May.* She is gone thither, then?

*Har.* I hope so. Tell me,  
 Could I do otherwise? not for myself,  
 How should I fear this trifle? I consented,—  
 But to give strength, and force, and emphass,  
 To the belief which yet I entertain,  
 That virtue of itself, and in itself,  
 Is fence'd with safety—needing no help from Heaven,  
 Which Heaven has not already granted it,  
 To dash the front of license.

*May.* Why, this is true, and is most true of her,  
 Whose absenee, which has rais'd such causeless  
 doubts,

When she returns one word explains, and ends them.

*Har.* (*After a pause—during which he appears  
 absorbed in reflection.*)

Maynard, I cannot think it.

*May.* What?

*Har.* And yet,  
 Hypocrisy, the subtle thief that wears  
 The garb of virtue flauntingly, and makes  
 Her stolen robe a eloak,—for ornament  
 Sometimes,—sometimes for use :—do you not mark?  
 There is the danger :—

*May.* Which I do not see.  
 And trust me, Hargrave! 'tis as weak and vile  
 To stare at nothing, making out of nothing  
 A shadow to be fear'd, as to be blind  
 To wrongs, when they confront us.

*Har.* 'Tis well spoken.  
 So true, so trite, and so inapplicable.  
 Then you would have me wink at injuries,  
 See my own honour vanish like a shadow.







And when some gross material wrong approaches,  
Some damning outrage thrust into my face,  
Open my sleepy eyes, and yawn redress

*May.* Tush, tush, what talk is this? you're mad  
or childish.

Take not the snake suspicion to your breast,  
Which warm'd, will sting you : my life on't, you  
are wrong,

What cause, or no cause, growing out of fancy,  
Has thus possess'd you suddenly?

*Har.* No cause?

Look at me,—look at me well, and see the cause.

This thing, myself, is this the man you knew me?

Is this vile wreck the vessel that of yore

Spread all its gay sails to the gallant air,

And held its way in sunshine? do you think,

Love, like the ivy, grows and clings to ruins?

No, no,—even she must hate,—even she must loathe  
me.

And, think you, 'tis in woman to resist

Temptation, which with double power persuades,

When it can hint the good that may be won,

By pointing to the ills to be escaped?

*May.* You dream'd not this last night; and grant  
one moment,

Your wife—for now I see to what you tend—

Has lent an ear to Moreton—you mean that.

*Har.* And that you think—

*May.* Nay, Heaven forbid I should—

I said, but grant it,—well, what use, what end,

In feigning anger, as you say she did,

When she might coldly acquiesce?

*Har.* Guile. guile:

She knew that I but feign'd, and feign'd in concert

'Twas wisely done.—

*Enter Mrs. Maynard.*

*May.* Now, wife, what news do you bring ?  
The servants are return'd ?

*Mrs. M.* They are, but yet  
Have found no clue or trace of her, 'tis strange :  
They have sought every where, nor friends nor neighbours,  
Have seen her once to day.

*Har.* Thanks, my sister :  
Your trouble has been vain, I knew 'twould be so.  
This is a mystery which I alone,  
Must see to,—yes, must fathom ; in an hour,  
I will return.

*May.* And with your wife, I hope.

*Har.* It may be so.

*May.* But be not rash or hasty.

*Har.* Be sure, I will be neither ;—oh ! my friend,

My soul sinks, and my very blood is cold,  
As is a winter stream, which slowly creeps  
Itself to ice, then moves not ; should it be so—  
Then—then—but fare ye well ! *(Exit.*

*Mrs. M.* This is most strange !  
My brother is much mov'd.

*May.* Nor do I wonder.  
It is the first time I have ever known her  
Cause even a breath of merest idleness,  
As “ she stays long,” or, “ strange she comes not  
sooner ;”

She has been hitherto so staid, so prudent—  
Indeed, I have often thought too circumspect,  
As though she fear'd to give her nature scope  
Even in our presence.

*Mrs. M.* True, I have observ'd it.





*May.* Recal to memory,  
 When you and she have walk'd abroad together,  
 As you have often done,—have you remark'd  
 A look, a glance, a gesture, anything,  
 Which, for a moment, swerving from the limit  
 Which matron modesty prescribes, suggested  
 Constructive evil of her?

*Mrs. M.* Maynard, no.  
 'Tis true, her beauty has beguil'd the eyes  
 Of many, till they lost the reverence  
 Her sweetness might have claim'd—but the swift  
 blush,  
 Wrought from the sense of her superior honour,  
 Which, while it conquer'd, trembled, has chastis'd  
 The gaze of folly: no, if virtue ever  
 Dwelt by the side of beauty, it resides  
 With her, and in the light of her pure soul  
 Sits, like a shining angel.

*May.* Indeed, I think so—  
 I spoke not doubtingly of her, but doubting,  
 How on the face of such a sky, such clouds  
 Should suddenly be blown.

*Mrs. M.* They will disperse:  
 For trust me, Maynard, I will never live  
 To wear the world's opinion, if she be not  
 As white as chrystal.

*May.* I am sure she'll prove so. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Lord Moreton's House.*

*Enter Moreton and Beauchamp.*

*More.* 'Tis past belief we should so soon surprise  
 her.

Fortune lends many chances that we see not,  
But this unseen, ere we had laid the snare.  
Is better than design.

*Beau.* I am glad you think so.  
But is't not worth a moment's thought, my lord,  
How to retain your capture, now you've seized it ?  
Force suggests force, and such a culverin  
As Hargrave, searee will cease till he has blown  
Our very souls from out us.

*More.* Pshaw ! you think not  
I fear the man ; a politic retreat,  
Effected without loss, is the best valour ;  
'The event has prov'd it so. 'Tis very likely,  
Hargrave will seek redress for his lost honour  
At the King's hands,—or he may threaten it :  
Should he do this, 'tis hardly a grave question,  
To ask if Charles will interpose, or no :  
'Twill be but food for laughter, and besides,  
The fellow's importunity of claim,  
Enfore'd in such strong language to the Conneil,  
Has, I well know, indued a feeling there,  
That makes his name a discord. I will hold her,  
Despite this fiery soldier ;—we have only  
To play with skill the game that skill has fashion'd.

*Beau.* You command my aid.

*More.* Where is De Grave ?  
May we rely upon her ?

*Beau.* You may : she has not taken her degrees  
In knavery yet—were she too ripe, she'd fall—  
But she is full of promise : the poor rogue  
Has but one fault—afflicted with conscience,  
Which, like a cold, is troublesome sometimes,  
But easily got rid of.

*More.* Call her hither.

*(Exit Beauchamp.)*







The hate I bear him, and my love for her,  
Add zest to this design :—a double triumph.

*Re-Enter Beauchamp with Madam De Grave.*

*More.* How have you left your charge ?

*De G.* She is more calm :

And weeps in silence, broken but by sobs,  
'Tis piteous to hear.

*Beau.* My lord, the heart  
Of this good creature here is soft and tender ;  
Perhaps, a weakness of the nerves : your gold  
Braces sometimes.

*More.* (*Giving De Grave a purse.*)  
Take this, and tell me, Madam,  
Did this unhappy lady, whom 'tis fit  
You should by every gentle means console,  
Make overtures to you, as of escape,  
From this—she thinks it so—constrain'd detention ?

*De G.* My lord, when first, obedient to your  
order,  
I waited on her, she was proud and sullen.  
And sat as one confounded ; answering nought  
To words of comfort I addressed to her ;  
But presently, starting as from a dream,  
She rose, and seeing, read me with her eyes  
And then approach'd : I trembled at the tone  
In which she charg'd me with,—she term'd it base-  
ness,

In thus abetting an unlawful act,  
Fraught, as she said, with vengeance,—I was dumb  
But motion'd her to be pleas'd,—and then  
She sank upon her knees, imploring mercy ;  
Besought me to release her, said, her friends,  
Though she herself was poor, at any cost  
Would gladly recompence me for my goodness

In aiding her escape ;—I was unmov'd ;—  
And then she sank in tears.

*Beau.* A moving tale.

*De G.* But why, my lord, is she kept here—  
believe me,

I should be loth to further any baseness,  
Or make myself a party—

*More.* Fear not, Madam.

No such intent is now on foot ; 'tis fit  
For her own safety,—you shall know betimes.  
Meanwhile, no sum her friends could tender you,  
But shall be tripled for your services.  
Return to her ; a few soft soothing words,  
May not be out of season ; tell her also,  
A gentleman, a friend, will wait upon her ;  
I shall attend in an adjoining room,  
And when you have prepar'd her for my presence,  
Will be at hand. Your friend is my best surety,  
That my intent is honourable.

*Beau.* Truly. (*Exeunt Moreton, and De Grave.*)  
But sureties must be paid to be kept sure,  
They are but sorry trust else ; now, if ever,  
On the completion of this enterprise,  
Must this young lord and I sign, seal, and strike.  
I must not live, a thing of accident,  
A stray of fortune, to caprice indebted  
Alike for promises, reward, or blows.  
My talents here are hidden, or but glimmer  
Through a crack'd half-peck measure. 'Sdeath ! as  
well

Be a proud thread-bare Captain, like poor Hargrave,  
Soft, who comes here ?

*Enter Hargrave, with his sword drawn.*

*Mar.* The villains would have stay'd me.





But I have sear'd them hence. Oh, sir, I know  
you,—

You are the friend of my Lord Moreton ; speak,  
And speak at once, and truly, lest your master  
Lose your good offices.—where is my wife ?

*Beau.* (*Aside.*) The servants should be near.

Good Captain Hargrave,

I am not bound to satisfy your doubts ;  
You, sir, are not my master ; but I'll even  
Humour your fancy once : where is your wife ?  
'Twere hard to say ; not being mine, I know not.  
For aught I know she may be here ; for aught  
I care, she may be there ;—or anywhere—  
One thing is sure enough—she knows her way.

*Har.* (*Seizing Beauchamp.*)

Dog !—but that name exalts you :—cringing coward,  
Bold only against Heaven, is your vile life  
Worth one truth's purchase ? speak then, or your  
silence

Shall be as still as death.

*Beau.* Help ! Murder ! Help !

*Enter Madam De Grave, who rushes between  
them.*

*De G.* What outcry's this ? for mercy's sake,  
forbear :

A stranger arm'd ?

*Beau.* This fellow, whom I know  
A reckless villian, would have sought my life.

*Har.* A wretched prize to seek—not worth the  
finding.

Tarry for justice ; hence, thou lies and life—  
One shall destroy the other in due time.

*Beau.* (*Aside to De Grave, as he goes out.*)  
Remember ! both our fortunes rest upon it. (*Exit.*)

*De G.* Who are you, sir? what do you want?  
reflect

What trouble you may draw upon yourself  
By brawling in this household;—pray, begone.

*Har.* Madam, you should be true, for you are  
fair;

But that's no sign; come hither;—tell me, tell  
me,—

Is not a lady here? nay, I am calm.

*De G.* Your words are so, and yet your looks  
are wild;

Put up your sword first.

*Har.* Well, I ask your pardon.

Now, Madam,—she is here.—

*De G.* She has been here.

*Har.* Who has been here? I say she is here.

*De G.* She may be.

*Har.* Hah!—nay, nay, I will not harm you.

Oh! you are strange to falsehood, you must learn  
To blush when you speak truth: where is she?—  
where?—

*De G.* I must confess there is a lady here,  
Whom you would see, but must not; 'tis *her* order.  
Her visits have been frequent, sir,—but now  
That she has left her friends; she says, for ever,  
She would not they should strive to force her hence.  
You must not see her.

*Har.* Very well:—I will not.  
She has been often here?

*De G.* Often, sir.

*Har.* Often?

*De G.* Yes, many times.

*Har.* Then fear is prophecy.

She has been here, and many times been here?

Let me look in your face: By Heaven, 'tis calm







As summer waters in the still of noon,  
On which the sunbeams fret not : but are gather'd  
Into the perfect shadow, seen below.  
Swear it.

*De G.* Well, so I can.

*Har.* And you can swear.

To this, that makes truth madness ? You shall not  
swear it ;

For, should you swear, and should you falsely swear,  
Your oath new forg'd, full-charg'd with fate, would  
drop,

Out of the skies and crush you ; and 'twould fall  
In thunder ; therefore, woman, do not swear.

*De G.* I pray you, sir, begone : I have spoken  
truly,

And as you wish'd ;—I would not for the world,  
You were seen here.

*Har.* What is the world to me ?

Gone by—gone by—: why should vice mock the  
heaven

By seeming like the angels ? she seemed an angel ;—  
An angel, did I say ?—and so she was :  
The very fiends were angels once, what wonder,  
If human souls tend downward ?

*De G.* Be more calm ;

Collect yourself ; oh, sir, I pity you ;  
If pity were assistance, I could aid you.

*Har.* Often (—can it be so ?—it is not so—  
And yet, why not ? what leaf or blossom hangs  
Upon a blighted tree ? she is here now,  
And has been often here : why, you have sworn it.

*De G.* I have spoken true.

*Har.* Aye,—'tis a hideous thing.

Not for myself, but for her sake, whose soul

Is hastening unto ruin. I could wish  
This had not been.

*De G.* Let me persuade you, sir,  
Depart at once : stand not absorb'd in thought,  
But hear me : there are creatures in this house  
Who heed not blood : go home.

*Har.* What did you say ?  
Go home ? aye, so I will : this is a dream,  
A foolish dream :—go home—yes, yes, but how ?  
Can shame walk undetected ? will not scorn  
Stare at me through the darkness, and with gibes  
Hoot me to infamy !

*De G.* No,—'tis but fancy :  
You are not well.

*Har.* I am not what I was : Poverty, poverty,—  
'Tis there I feel it—there—it has undone me :  
Which was the way I came ? tell me, I know not,  
Aye, true,—there,— *(Going—returns.*  
But mark me, not a word—hush, hush, no word  
Of what has happen'd now : you must not tell her—  
Her whom you have amongst you, I have been here.  
Say not that I shed tears—did I shed tears ?  
And that I told you I should come again,  
When least they look to see me, and perchance,  
Shed—no, not tears. *[Exit.*

*Enter Beauchamp, from the opposite side.*

*Beau.* So : he is gone : the door has closed  
upon him.

That's past my hopes. What has he said to you ?

*De G.* I know not : Beauchamp, you have  
cozen'd me

Into a plot which, should it come to ill,  
You must endure the brunt of,—

*Beau.* So I shall.





*De G.* Who is the man ? and wherefore was I  
prompted  
To utter falsehoods which has made him mad.  
And the sweet lady, who is she ?

*Beau.* What matter ?  
Would you take wages, and refuse to earn them ?  
They who once enter on such work as this,  
Must blink the name, and do it. Virtue or vice—  
There is no medium : choose this, or that,  
Dive, and you pluck up gold,—ascend to virtue,  
And starve—What noise was that ?

*De G.* I heard no noise.

*Beau.* No—all is still. Come, you may be re-  
quir'd.  
No faltering ; but be firm, and we are made.

*De G.* Yet it is base to live by means like these.

*Beau.* Yet we *must* live ;—means are at for-  
tune's option.

(*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in Maynard's House.*

*Enter Maynard, followed by a Servant.*

*May.* Bring me my hat and cloak ; and get you  
ready  
To go with me ; first, call your mistress hither.

(*Exit Servant.*

Which way to turn I know not—what to do,  
I know not—every way I'm at a loss.  
What if I call upon Lord Moreton,—learn  
If Hargrave has been there ? but, no, that might  
Cause more suspicion, which is all too rife  
Already—yet I must go forth, and seek him.

*Enter Mrs. Maynard.*

*Mrs. M.* Oh, Maynard, he is come.

*May.* Alone?

*Mrs. M.* Alone.

*May.* Where is he?

*Mrs. M.* Entering at the door, I met him.  
He pass'd in silence,—so I follow'd him.  
Halting upon the stairs, he sat him down  
In a recess, as one quite lost in thought,  
Or lost to memory : I took his hand,  
And spoke, not once or twice, but many times,—  
Still he returned no answer.

*May.* I'll go to him :  
He must not be left thus.

*Mrs. M.* Hark,—here he comes  
How wan and haggard ! in my life I never  
Saw him look thus, before.

*May.* Peace—peace,—he speaks.

*Enter Hargrave.*

*Har.* She loves me still : or she had never set  
Her lord to buy my honour : oh ! I thank her ;  
And shall repay her in due season.

*May.* Hargrave !

*Har.* You know a man who is call'd Henry  
Hargrave ?

*May.* I do,—and am his friend.

*Har.* Be so no longer.  
For he has liv'd to see his honour die,  
Who would have died to know that it might live :  
Yes, he has borne patiently the despite  
Of fortune, that was nought—his inward wealth,—  
The present here, and the reversion hence—  
Gone, gone—







*May.* What do you mean ?

*Har.* Do you not see ?

Is it not written on my forehead, deep  
As shame can brand it ? Oh, it sears my brain !  
But, no—the mark is gone : it has sunk deeper,—  
Deeper,—’tis grain’d in, into me, and through me.  
I am become one mass of infamy,  
Whom Honesty must shun. Where is my sister ?

*Mrs. M.* I am here, dear brother.

*Har.* Oh ! could you both know  
What I have heard ; they were too wise for me—  
Too close—too secret—why, they met but once—  
By chance—

*May.* Who ?

*Har.* But she must die. Is it not time  
Already, to strip up the sleeve of murder,  
To whet the knife, and to imbrue the hand ?  
She must die first, and he—yet I could weep—  
I could weep, Maynard, but to think upon it.  
Remember : such a woman as she was,—  
No, ’tis a lie, as she was not—for never,  
Had she been true, could she have fallen so low—  
So from the stars to hell, as this.

*Mrs. M.* Oh, Maynard,  
He knows not what he says—he is distracted.  
Shall I go fetch his children ?—they, perhaps,  
May touch his heart. If he could weep—

*Har.* ’Twere well.

But do not bring the wretches to me now,  
Lest I should tear them piecemeal. Keep them from  
me—

They are too like their mother—but, no no,—

*May.* (*Apart to his wife.*) Fetch them at once,  
and quickly. (*Exit Mrs. Maynard.*)

*Har.* Where is she gone ?

*May.* She will return directly.

*Har.* You shall know all, Maynard—you shall know all—

You must advise me what to do. I'm cool  
As cowardice—I know you'll stand my friend.

*May.* You know I will.

*Har.* Yes, yes—it must be done  
Coldly—no heat, lest it should look like vengeance,  
Which is imperial justice newly bath'd,  
And rob'd in purple.

*Mrs. Hargrave rushes in, followed by Mrs. Maynard.*

*Mrs. H.* Where is my husband?

Oh, save me! save me! (*She clinys to Har.*)

*Har.* Who is this woman? take her  
Away from me! Stand back! Where is my  
sword?

(*Hargrave is about to unsheath his sword—Maynard stays him.*)

I cannot kill her. Could I draw this weapon—  
Which yet I cannot do—I could not kill her.  
See, how she looks, 'tis virtue only dies—  
Go, pray for death.

*Mrs. H.* (*To Mrs. Maynard.*) Oh, madam,  
speak to him.

Pity me, Hargrave—oh, take pity on me.  
When you know all you will—I am sure you will.  
First hear me, and then kill me—but you will not  
When you have heard me.

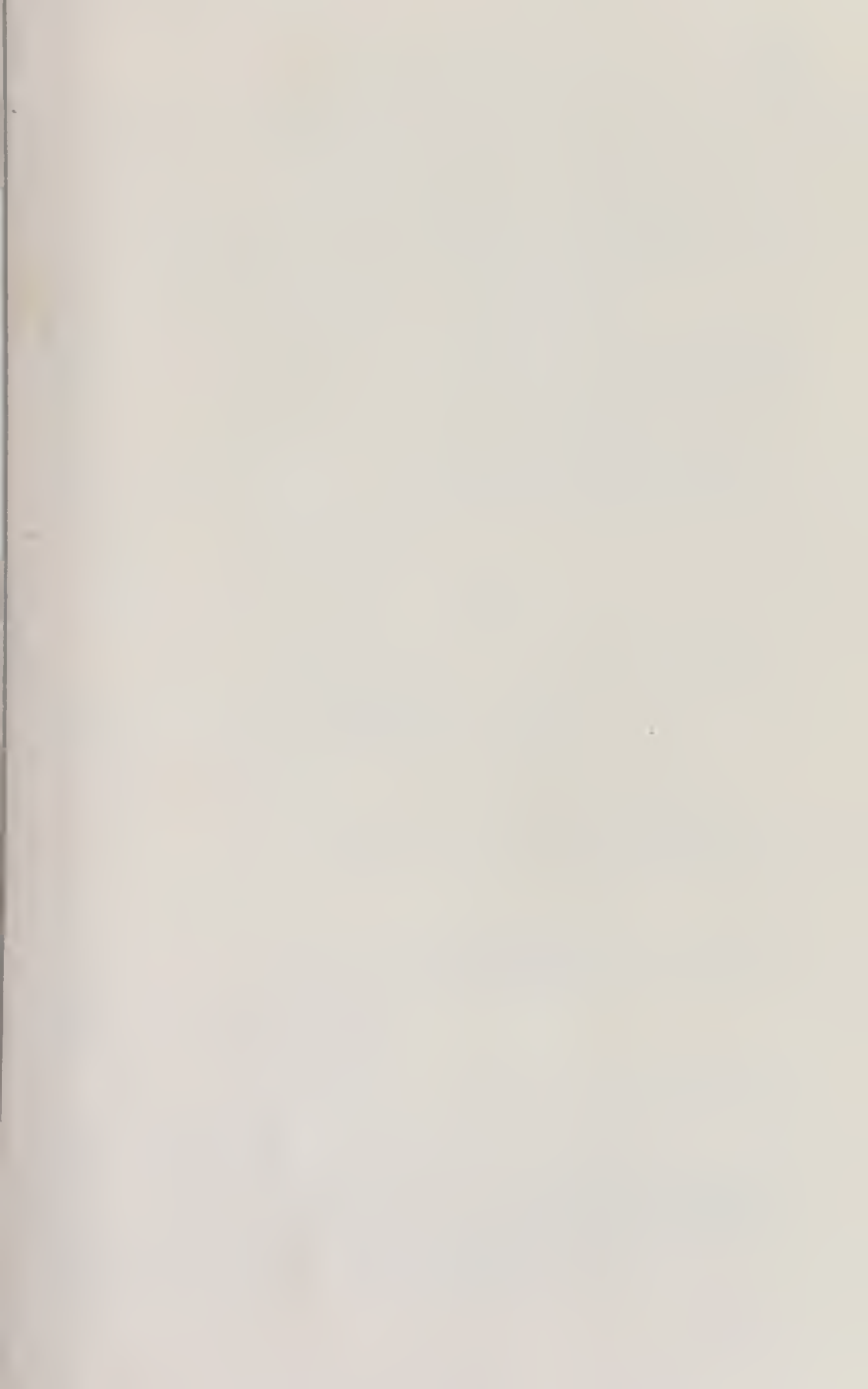
*Mrs. M.* Brother, if you ever  
Lov'd her—and if you ever lov'd your sister—  
Hear her: upon my life she's innocent.

*May.* I would stake mine, she is so.

*Har.* Why, say on.











If she be so—and yet that cannot be—  
Proceed.

*Mrs. H.* It is a tale of horror, Henry,  
Yet I must tell it. When I left this morning  
Oh, it seems ages since!—I made all speed  
To execute my mission. Ere I reach'd  
My destination, suddenly two men  
Rush'd from behind, and held me fast, and thrust me  
Into a carriage, which drove off and stopt  
I know not where—'twas at a house—and then  
They dragg'd me to a room, in which they left me  
Alone, I think for hours : at length a female—

*Har.* A Frenchwoman ?

*Mrs. H.* She was.

*Har.* Oh, heaven ! Proceed.

*Mrs. H.* Enter'd, and brought refreshments—  
strove to soothe me—

Telling me that a gentleman, a friend,  
Would wait upon me soon : he came at last.

*Har.* Moreton ?

*Mrs. H.* The man you spoke of yesternight.

*Har.* And this is true ? it is ! Oh Maynard,  
Maynard !

What a weak gull was I ? I saw it not.

*Mrs. H.* You will not hate me when I tell you all ?  
Oh, madam pity me I cannot speak it—  
And yet it must be told.

*Har.* Go on—go on.

*Mrs. H.* He came at last, and with respect  
address'd me—

But presently grown bolder, he approach'd,  
And would have clasp'd me. With a shriek I broke  
Away from him, and fled : the door was lock'd—  
Again he seiz'd me ! Oh, I cannot—

*Har.* Ha !

I see him dead before me! Why do you tremble  
How I *must* kill him—hew him into pieces!  
Come hither to me, wife : ere you say more  
Embrace me—there. Maynard, my sister, stand  
Apart from us—now—now, my poor wrong'd girl.  
If there is something horrible to tell—  
I know there is—whisper it—whisper it now  
It will not make me mad.

*Mrs. H.* 'Tis horrible.

But 'tis not shame—upon that wasted brow  
No shame, like shame, shall sit. I struggled with  
him,

With strength that madness lends—upon the table  
There lay a knife—I—

*Har.* Kill'd him—he's dead—say that—

*Mrs. H.* Alas, I fear—

*Har.* Ha, ha! that's well—that's well.

Why this is justice,—justice. How got you here?

*Mrs. H.* I know not. Oh, support me!

*Mrs. M.* She has fainted!

*Har.* Maynard, what crown that might adorn a  
queen,

But would look dim and rayless on that brow.  
Soft—she revives.

*Mrs. H.* Where am I?

*Har.* With friends, my sweet one.

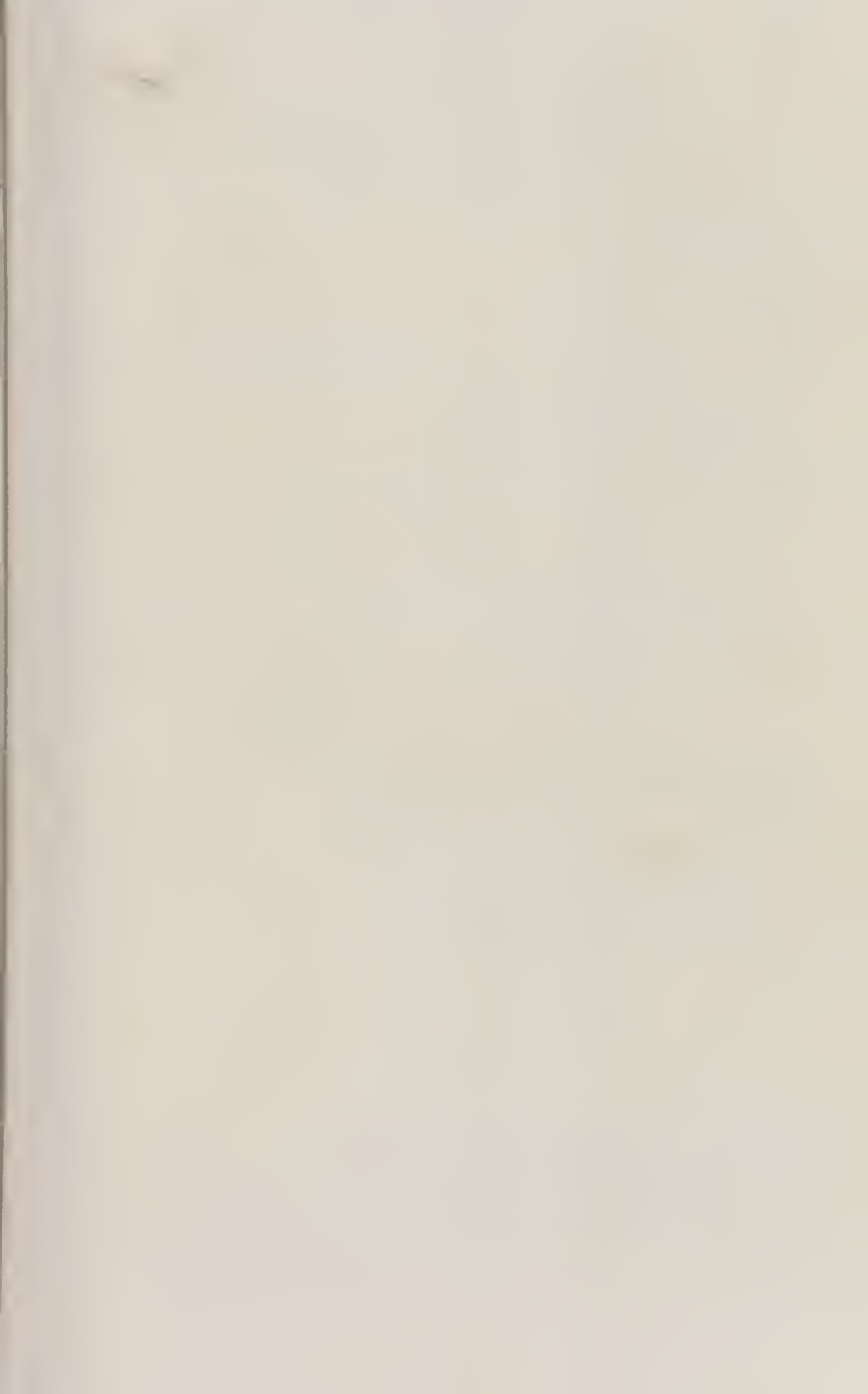
*May.* This is no place for you. You must away  
Instantly. Who comes here? too late—too late!

*Enter Beauchamp, with Officers.*

*Mrs. H.* (*Clinging to Hargrave.*) Save me from  
him! I know him!

*Har.* So do I,  
And know him for a villian!

*May.* Let me speak.





How is it, sirs, that at this time of night,  
You forcibly make entrance to the house  
And chamber of a peaceful citizen?

*Beau.* Are you the master of this house?

*May.* I am.

*Beau.* Then, my good friend, not to offend the  
laws,

But to uphold the laws, are we come hither.

There is a woman here who has committed

A most foul murder. That is she—secure her!

*(The Officers advance)*

*Mrs. H.* They will not take me from you!

*Har.* No they shall not.

We will attend you. Gentlemen, stand off—

I shall conduct her hence. Nay, all is well—

Tremble not so. Maynard, you will assist me?

Thank you. Poor girl! 'tis a hard trial for you.

*(To Beau.)* For you, sir, look for justice.

*Beau.* I wait it,

And am prepared to meet it. Come, lead on.

*Har.* *(To his Wife.)* Compose yourself—be not  
afraid—remember,

'Tis not the act, but cause which makes the act,

Or bad, or good. Come, that is well—so, so—

*(Exeunt.)*

END OF ACT II.

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### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Maynard's House.*

*Hargrave and Mrs. Maynard discovered.*

*Mrs. M.* Nay, sit awhile: this ferment of your  
spirits—

*Har.* Must be kept up,—should I stand still one moment,

Their retrocession would o'erwhelm me, Mary.  
That portrait of my father, which you shew'd me—  
How many years since I have seen it? twelve—  
'Tis like him.

*Mrs. M.* Very.

*Har.* Yes, the hale old man,  
With winter on his brow, but midsummer  
Upon his cheek and lip.

*Mrs. M.* And then his eye,  
That used to play his tongue false when he chid us,  
And spoke the love his words conceal'd—

*Har.* Yes, yes,—  
I well remember.

*Mrs. M.* Do you remember, Henry,  
Once when he stray'd from home, and my poor mother,—

*Har.* Speak not of her.

*Mrs. M.* Oh! those were happy days—  
Or is it but our mental alchymy,  
Which turns the past to gold, making e'en sorrow,  
Assume the presence and the huc of joy?  
I know not; well, but they were happy days;  
Even to deem they were so makes them so,  
Now they are gone. You do not heed me, brother—

*Har.* What?—

Was not that a sound of acclamation  
In the street just now? pr'ythee, look from the window,  
And see if they be coming.

I had not thought,  
That any thing in all the world could move,  
As circumstance now sways me. Do you see them?

*Mrs. M.* I do not: by and by they will be here;







Meanwhile forget, if it be possible,  
What yet awaits you.

*Har.* Would I could do so.

We wander through these lone deserted rooms,  
Seeking to fly from that we bear within us,  
Which our own thoughts have made, and cannot  
shake

Out of our souls.

*Enter Maynard,*

Oh ! Maynard—he is here. (*To Mrs. Maynard.*)  
Well, Maynard, you have brought her ; she is be-  
low :

'Tis better she were left awhile alone,  
'Twill calm her spirits. Did she not bear her trial  
Bravely ? I know she did—you do not speak  
What ! how is this ?

*May.* Hargrave, I must not speak,  
Oh ! be compos'd.

*Har.* I am.

*May.* And fear the worst.

*Har.* I do—not knowing what you deem the  
worst.

One word,—I ask no more ; one word, at once ;  
My wife has been—

*May.* Condemn'd

*Har.* Condemn'd ! . . . condemn'd !

What do you mean ?

(*To Mrs. May.*) Why do you clasp my hand ?  
I am quite calm. Condemn'd ! for what ? for  
virtue ?

For being virtuous ?—the atonement ?

*May.* Death.

*Har.* This is a cruel jest, if it be one.  
It is, I know it is—you cannot mean—  
She is below—she is—how ? no ! d'ye say **so** ?

(*To Mrs. May.*) Go to him: bid him tell me plainly, briefly,  
Ere my brain burst asunder. Why do you look  
So piteously upon me? go to him.

*May.* This is the heaviest day that ever fell  
Upon us all.

*Har.* Yes, yes—(*Impatiently.*)

*May.* Through perjury,  
Horrible perjury, is she condemn'd.  
The villain Beauchamp, and De Grave, a woman  
Whom you once saw, have sworn, your wife and  
Moreton

Were intimate; on manifold occasions  
That she had jewels from him, and obtained  
Money, which fear of your revenge extorted:  
And that upon the fatal night, unable  
By strong persuasions and by threats to move him  
To further gifts, (and this, so they have sworn,  
The man upon his dying bed averr'd)  
She murder'd him

*Mrs. M.* Oh, dreadful wickedness!

*May.* Peace, peace.—

*Mrs. M.* It was not well to tell him this  
At such a time: see, how he stands. Oh, Maynard!  
You have made him mad. My dear, dear brother,  
speak;

Speak; in the name of mercy, speak to us.

*Har.* I cannot: there is something here that  
chokes me,  
And will not let me speak: presently—presently—  
Stand you away from me—let me have air, (*Tears*  
*open his shirt.*

Aye, that is better. I have heard it all.

A thief! money and jewels—presents—gifts—





What hell will hold this man who dying, lies  
That thieves may live by lying? Why, I could laugh  
At this. They have treated you harshly, my poor  
wife.

In what impossible corner of the earth  
Does Justice dwell? where is her sword? 'tis  
stolen,

And felons murder with it safely, safely.

*May.* What can I say to him? Command yourself;

Shake off this stupor—all may yet be well.

*Har.* Nay, all *is* well. Think you this world  
of ours,

This little all of slaves, comprises all?

I must go to her—she will vish  
To see me in this hour of heavy trial.

*Mrs. M.* You will not leave us yet.

*Har.* I had forgotten:

No, no—one moment more.

*(He goes into an inner room, and returns with his sword.)*

Maynard, in all my life—and I have liv'd  
Too many years, since I have liv'd 'till now—

I never knew but one firm constant friend,  
And you are he. I thank you, Maynard,  
I thank you, and that word includes my heart.

My good, kind sister,  
I would say much to you, but cannot speak it.

*They'll* want a mother soon, will you be one  
To them? Your hand has told me so—enough.

The blessings of the earth be on ye both,  
The light of heaven for ever! Fare ye well. *(Going.)*

*May.* May we not go with you?

*Har.* I would go alone.

I have that to say to her you must not hear.

You wish, I know, to see her once again  
 Before—well, well, you may come after me—  
 In half an hour— yes, 'twill be time enough.

(*Exit.*

*Mrs. M.* I cannot weep ; this blow has stunn'd  
 my senses.

Where is he gone ? His heart is broken, Maynard ;  
 It is not safe that he should go alone.

How came this change to be—this sudden change ?  
 You had no fear of this—no doubt—no thought ?

*May.* I had not, and know nothing but that  
 life—

My life, or you'rs, or any one's, remains  
 For every slave to lie and swear away.

*Mrs. M.* But is there, then, no chance—no hu-  
 man means,

Whereby she may be sav'd ?

*May.* You must not hope it—

There is no chance. Cast water on the ground,  
 And hope to conjure every several drop

Back to the vessel whence you threw it, then  
 Expect she may be sav'd. Now, as I breathe,

I would give all I have, and all I hope for  
 On this side death—almost my life itself—

That this had never chanc'd. I love your brother  
 As though he were mine own ; his gentle nature  
 Won me long since, and never, as I think,  
 A truer woman liv'd than we pray for.

*Madame D. G. (Without.)* But I must see him !

*Madame de Grave rushes in,*

Where is her husband ? where is Captain Hargrave ?  
 Oh, sir ! I know you now.

You should remember me, too.

*May.* Madame de Grave ?







*De G.* Aye, and the recent wife of that base villain

Whom I have left, never to see again.

*May.* What is your present purpose? you would see—

*De G.* Her husband whom our oaths have falsely charg'd.

*May.* Hah! you shall see him.

*De G.* You are his friends?

*Mrs. M.* We are.

*May.* Peace—let me speak. What would you say to him?

*De G.* I know not how I bore that dreadful trial

With her meek eyes upon me; Heaven spoke through them,

And bade me think of a more fearful trial,

And I the culprit. Oh, sir, pardon me,

Lord Moreton told us nothing; when we sought him,

We found him dead; the jewels, which we swore

He gave her, I possess, and can produce them.

The whole is false. Oh! ere it be too late,

Take me where all may be confess'd,—my heart  
Will break else.

*Mrs. M.* Oh, unlook'd-for happiness!

Blessings attend you, madam. Heaven has done this.

*May.* It is indeed the work of Heaven. Come, madam,

You will go with me: Mary, dry your tears:

Prepare to bear us instant company.

You are willing, madam, to make full confession,  
Before a judge of this?

*De G.* I am—I am.

And shall be happy then.

*May.* No harm shall reach you.

Come all is well—'twill be a fair day yet.

Mary, your hand.

*Mrs. M.* Let us make haste to join them.

*(Exeunt.)*

SCENE II.—*The interior of a Prison.*

*Mrs. Hargrave discovered lying on a couch at the back of the Stage. Enter Hargrave.*

*Har.* She sleeps. Now, mercy, with thy sacred balm,

Ancient her soul, and the sweet dew of peace  
Drop on her heart, that she may glow of Heaven,  
Ere Heaven receive her pure and gentle spirit.

*(Mrs H. rises, and perceiving her husband, approaches him.)*

*Mrs. H.* I have wish'd to see you, Henry:  
they have made me

Guiltier than truth could make me—they have sought  
My life, and they will take my life, by means  
That even murder's self would shudder at.

One fear and only one, remains: can you  
Believe me the vile wretch they falsely make me?

*Har.* I have deserv'd this at your hands, and  
feel

The deep reproach. Oh, Margaret, Margaret,  
My words are words that have no space to hold  
The feelings that oppress me. Could my soul speak,  
You had not ask'd that question.

*Mrs. H.* It has spoken.

Thank God for that. Forgive me—I am happy.

*Har.* Can you be happy in an hour like this?





*Mrs H.* I could—but to leave you and the dear children—

This is death's bitterness.

*Har.* They are protected.

*Mrs H.* And you, dear Henry?

*Har.* Heaven will not desert me.

*Mrs H.* In whom I trust. Oh, Henry, I have pray'd,

And have not pray'd in vain. No heart so weak,  
But Heaven can fill it with an angel's strength :  
That strength, my husband, is effus'd from prayer.  
The world, which once, I fear, we loved too well.  
Thought of too much—applied ourselves too long,  
In vain to satisfy, is pass'd away,  
Like a thin shadow—which it is—'tis vanish'd,  
Melted, and all my hopes are gone before me,  
To the one kingdom.

*Har.* Why, 'tis well—'tis well.

You have done with a most worthless world—'tis well—

And through the wide and ever-open gate  
Of death, would pass to glory—but *the* death,—  
You have not thought of that—the ignominy  
The hideous shame, whose engines cauterize  
Our name for ever : that might be escap'd.  
Might it not be escap'd I would out-tire  
A thousand years in prison, so that this  
Dishonour might be spar'd

*Mrs H.* Do not talk thus :

Pray for me, rather, than my nature fail not  
In the last dreadful moment.

*Har.* I cannot.

The time is near at hand, and I must speak.  
This shall not be ; I should go mad to know it—  
I must not see you perish on the scaffold,

A public spectacle of shame—a show,  
For myriads to gaze upon with horror.

*Mrs H.* Speak not thus wildly to me—it must  
be—

My life is forfeit to the laws, and I  
Must pay the penalty.

*Har.* Yes, but how? but how?  
Forestall the act—anticipate the doom,—  
We have the precious means in our own hands.

*Mrs H.* What means are these?

*Har.* Here! (*Produces a phial.*) Let us die  
together.

*Mrs H.* Oh, weak, rash man! what is a shameful  
death,

If this is glorious? Because the night is dark,  
Who tempts the lightning? Do you wish to die  
Because for fear to live, and yet would rush  
Into a world of never-ending life,  
And endless woe to those that came unsought.  
Promise me this—swear to me you will live.  
We are not as ourselves, but as our keepers  
In trust for others, dearer than ourselves,  
And for their sake—

*Har.* You torture me in vain.  
I cannot bear the thought—must not endure it.  
You plead as ever, like yourself and virtue,  
But now your words rebound from my full  
heart,  
And fall unheeded.

*Mrs H.* Yet reflect, reflect—  
The power that has permitted the event  
Forecasts the issue. Trust that—mistrust yourself.

*May.* (*Without.*) Where are they! Conduct  
me to them instantly.











*Har.* They come to take their last farewell of you :

The time's at hand, and they will bear you hence,

To instant execution. I will not live

To see it. (*Hargrave is about to take the poison, when Mrs Hargrave, with a shriek, snatches it from his hand.*)

*Enter Maynard followed, by his wife.*

*May.* I have such tidings for you.

*Mrs H.* Oh, speak them—speak them!

*May.* The woman has confess'd—Beauchamp's secure'd—

A respite has been granted—the King's pardon  
Will follow it betimes.

[*Hargrave drops upon his knees.*

*Mrs H.* (*After a pause.*) Oh, my friend—  
Your timely news has sav'd two lives—perhaps,  
Two souls—but that must not be dwelt on now.  
My husband!

*Har.* Margaret! (*They embrace.*)

*Mrs H.* Let none with impious doubt.  
Suggest to Providence the way to guide him,  
Which when he least perceives, and would defy  
her,  
Is then most prompt to serve him.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.







